"How Much for This Horse?" Cried the Auctioneer.

"Honk! Honk!" Cried the Auto in Derision.

From the Chronicles of the Horse Mart of To-day.

If you want to be convinced that the | reached the point at which resignation automobile has superseded the horse in fashionable estimation go to the horse auction, where the faithful servitors of man and the one time companions of his pleasures are brought together without regard to age, class or record.

Once a week the operations of the horse mart are proclaimed by a curious assemblage of wagons, victorias, landaus, wagonettes, one man speed wagons, hared to horses of varying degrees of peed and endurance. From the door of the auction room they come, preceded by a waving of whips, shricks to the unnoting pedestrians and a dusty, rusty

to existing conditions has come?

Once in a while the monotony is broken by the appearance of a saddle horse and for a moment interest flames up, but these appearances only make the general depression of the place more marked. Inside you pass through an assortment of offices and carriage rooms, where hostlers are busy cleaning and preparing the horses, which are catalogued with high sounding phrases, as, for instance, "A very useful horse, slightly touched in the wind,"
"Light sorrel, just getting over severe sickness" or "Fearless of anything, a most desirable combination for ladies'



"FAST DRIVERS AND NOT AFRAID OF ANYTHING."

The crowd follows at a distance which could not be called respectful by any stretch of the imagination and the comments made on the horses cannot lend any special pleasure to present owners and would-be

When, as frequently happens, an auto honks along, a laugh of dersion seems to the ears droop and does the tail. nearly always docked in these auction horses, flap feebly as if the owner had cony, you look down on the crowd.

crowd at the wheels of the outgoing vehicles. You see also a placard announcing that "All horses are advertised and sold in accordance with descriptions received from their owners" and that "in no case is age or height of horse guaranteed.

The horse mart is a large light room, with galleries about three sides and a wide expanse of tanbark under foot which recalls for a moment the glories of Horse Show be pointed at the horse and-is it imagina- week. The horsey smell and the horsey talk help the suggestion which is soon di when, from the vantage point of the bal-

and all round sport, and he is still living.

With monumental nerve he sought an offered was refused.

house was on Twenty-ninth street, almost directly opposite. It was, therefore, convenient for Grover to hound him.

lived in an atmosphere of suspicion and intrigue which ultimately got on his nerves almost to the extent of making him give up

at another tried with insinuations and threats. People he did not know would speak to him in the daytime and follow him

tain Police Commissioner to whom they

This gentleman received Wallace with seming cordiality, expressed great indignation at the facts of the case and requested that a statement of them in writing be prepared and handed to him in order that might be well informed before undertaking to give his aid in the matter, which he freely promised. Such a statement Wallace furnished. That night he slept well in the

day's work. But it seemed he did not know Grover. opposite, and making for him with a speed and in a temper in violent contrast to his

"I'll teach you to go to a Police Commissioner at the same time you're talking settle-

ment with me!" "What do you mean about a Police Commissioner?" said Wallace, doing the best

and he flourished in Wallace's face the statement in his own handwriting which he had left at the office of the Police Com-

That was check for fair. Wallace was dumb. Grover went on: "Now, this is the end of it between you

There are David Harums in plenty looking about for a bargain in horseflesh. Livery stables have apparently been deserted for the time and the hard working American man is there lounging about with a half chewed cigar in his mouth and an eye for an invitation to a drink in the neighboring

Let no one assert that the beard as a masculine ornament has disappeared. It is true that it is as unfashionable as the horse itself, but there are those who feel indifference to the decrees of fashion and of such there are many here.



THE OLD HUNTER'S LAST DITCH.

There are beards of the order which marks the owner as still voting for Andrew Jackson. There are beards of the fore-andaft variety and of the square rigged sort. There are tufts which the owner pulls while he listens to the auctioneer. The horses, as they are led about the ring,

look dejectedly at the beards as if they realized that they were companions in gray gloves, a smooth face and a bored air; which in stageland are the marks of a gen-The hats are varied as the beards, som-

breros with the four punches of the cowboy's doubledup fist, derbies of a vintage



A GHOST OF THE PAST.

that matches the horses on sale, and soft about in that manner, it's fair warning to felts that do not prevent the owners from catching a nap now and then with head

against the wall. There is a noticeable absence of womankind. There is one slip of a girl, however, who revives one's ideals and recalls stories of the friendships that exist between fourfooted and two-footed travellers of the

country road. She is tall for her age, which must be 13; blond and with stalwart shoulders and the straight back that indicate the horse-

stepmothers." "But hasn't she a fine back?"

"Splendid. That remirds me. I was sitting on the steamer deck reading when the purser came along-fire young man with a broad English accent. He sat down

and said: " 'You know I'm getting up the concert for the indigent wives and orphans of sailors and I'm told that there's a young woman on board who can recite. I'm looking for her. I don't know her name, but the fellow

which asserts that people are hurt at their own risk and the auctioneer reads in a loud and perfectly audible voice an announcement that something or other is to

be sold in liquidation.

A rumble is heard and a large, green delivery wagon with a scroll on one side denoting that the owner at one time sold eggs, butter and cheese comes into view.

"Imagine any one who sells eggs ever failing." says one of the young women, and she searches her catalogue anew for more pleasing ware.



woman. She stands in the foreground unconscious of the fact that she is the only bit of femininity in the ring, and carefully notes the points of mare and cob as they canter before her.

Once there is a controversy between her and the small man who only reaches the rim of her hat, but who is apparently her father, judging from resemblance of features and the whitish tint of hair and Young as she is she knows the good points of a horse and is not to be moved from her judgment by the fact that the horse is driven about the ring by an expert whip, who hides all the bad points as carefully as he brings good ones to notice.

The auctioneer looks at her disapprov ingly and the father, after one or two peeps of bids, allows her to take his arm and lead him gently away from temptation. He looks like the one time possessor of a stable

that told me said she had a rider's back

"He left me like a flash and followed a tall, slender woman who happened to be walking away from us, giving a fine view of her shoulders and walk. I'd never thought of classifying people that way, but the next time I saw him I referred to the matter and he said:

Why, of course, a man who knows anything about horses can always tell whether a woman's a rider or not.'

"Oh, I don't think anything of that," said the other as she spread out the wrinkles in her long gloves. "How is it any different from the automobile face? I can tell at a glance whether a woman is in the habit of driving about in one; and not only that, but whether she has a chauffeur or whether her husband does his own work in that line."

The voice of the gray tinted auctioneer, whose beard is carefully trimmed as befits the dignity of his profession, demands attention. The crowd straightens its shoulders, papa's little girl leads him away from any possible danger, the blue uniformed official points with a threatening shead, and in a moment it was all over-finger toward a large placard on the wall, there was nothing, no horse, no wreck,

Following this come rolls of dingy plankets, harnesses, some landaus and a victoria, with the name of a famous carriage maker upon it. The victoria is sold for \$75 and the astonished buyer hands over a roll of bills precipitately as if afraid that he is the victim of an auction jest. The cluck of the auctioneer's tongue con-

tinues and you hear him say: "This horse will go as is."

The horse will go as is."

The horse comes into the ring and one of the employees stands and flicks it with a whip every time it passes, so as to give it a proper action, apparently. But even with this aid to the bidding spirit, the bids move up slowly, \$5 at a time. When the animal is finally disposed of one of the women in the gallery points to a gray horse whose ribs are sticking through its skin looking like slats of a bed in house cleaning week.

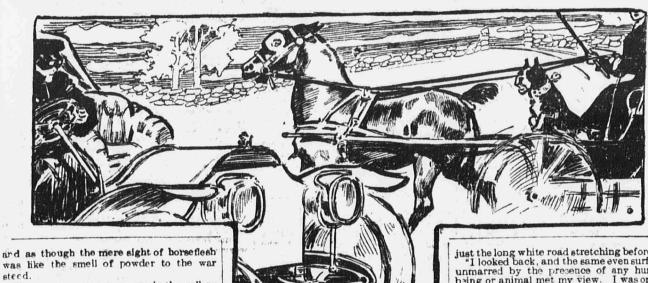
"I suppose it is, what is called a vision or a day dream," she said, "but it certainly was symbolic of this auction.

"We were going by an old cemetery on a lonely road in New Jersey, and ali of a sudden right out of the gate came an old mare like this which, with its head down ran along the road directly in front of the auto. It was so old and feeble that it seemed as if every moment it would fall in its tracks.

"I could easily count the ribs, just as you can those, and the wonder was that the The horse comes into the ring and one of

can those, and the wonder was that the machine did not go right over it. Once or twice I leaned over to touch the chauffeur's arm, but I saw he was paying attention, and something held me back.

"Then without a word the auto started and in a moment it was all over—



was like the smell of powder to the war There are two young women in the gallery

and they look at the girl with the eyesof connoisseurs. "I'd like to see papa marry again with that at the head of his household," says one, and to the unheard question that fol-

Oh, I can always tell. When you see slip of a girl leading a middle aged man

RIVALS

just the long white road stretching before us.
"I looked back, and the same even surface, unmarred by the presence of any human being or animal met my view. I was on the point of asking the chauffeur if he had seen anything, but I knew he had not.
"It was just a kind of reminder to me, for when I was a child I used to love horses just as that child in the ring does, lived with them, thought of them as companions, and yet I, too, have followed the fashion, and it is a long time since I have even given thought to the poor forgotten horse. That is why I am here to-day. It is my penance." is why I am here to-day. It is my penance

WHEN THE LID WAS OFF THE TENDERLOIN

A Negotiation Between a Lawyer and Gamblers in Halcyon Days Long Ago.

In halcyon days, years ago, when the old Tenderloin was open at its widest, the knights of fortune who glittered therein found an easy mark in the person of the cashier of a Pine street firm of bankers

One morning this cashier woke up to a realizing sense that he was short nearly \$100,000 and thereupon he promptly secluded himself from mortal eyes, leaving for his employers a note to the effect that, if they would promise him immunity from prosecution, he would reappear and do what he could to help them recover the money. Their promise was given. The absconder bobbed up serenely and told his story. The brokers put the matter into the hands of their lawyers and managed to borrow sufficient money to enable them to continue their business for a time, but if they could not get the lost money back, or most of it, they must fail.

In the office of the lawyers the detail of the case was allotted to Wallace, the junior partner, who found himself at once in conflict with all the leading gamblers in New York, their swarms of satellites and, incidentally, with the police, both plain clothes and uniformed, of the old Twentyninth precinct.

Those old time gamblers are not forgotten yet. Charley Ransom was their acknowledged king. He was the Richard Canfield of his day, though having higher ideals than his more practical successor.

He promptly vindicated his title to royalty among sporting men by drawing his check for every dollar of the money that could be proved to have been lost in his house. He remarked as he handed over his check that in his business he had found it was never good luck to have stolen goods about.

He was the only one who made his peace. The rest of them, under the leadership of genial old Mike Murray, organized for

battle The legal proceedings were begun with civil actions, and the defendants, nearly a dozen of them, were arrested. After a bitter fight the Supreme Court held that, although the cause of action was good, the facts did not justify sustaining orders of arrest and the defendants had their free-

dom, which was all they cared about. There seemed to be no recourse but to criminal proceedings, it being vital to the brokers that they should have money at once. There was, however, an obstacle to getting money by criminal process, in the person of the District Attorney. That fine old Roman, John McKeon, was no man to allow his office to be used as a collection agency. The gamblers would not pay unless they could go free, and once McKeon got

his grip on them there would be no hope of a compromise.

It was thought expedient to give out rumor that criminal proceedings were about to be taken in the hope that such a rumor might develop something useful. It did. It developed Mr. Clemens Grover-that is not his name, but he is a famous gambler

interview with Wallace and endeavored to effect a compromise. The amount he That didn't discourage him a little bit.

He lived at the Gilsey House and Wallace's Wallace could not leave his house without meeting some reminder of the case in hand.

It might be the blandishments of Grover; it might be the scowls of the police. He his job in panic. At one time Wallace would be overwhelmed with offers of courtesy and favor,

at night. The use of feminine influence, respectable and otherwise, was not neg-Time went on, and although Grover gradually increased his offer, he had got nowhere near the figures required. Wallace's firm then thought it best that he should see a cer-

were favorably known, and, if possible, enlist his influence in effecting a reasonable settlement.

consciousness of having done an effective The next morning as he came out of his house he saw that gentleman coming out of the side entrance of the Gilsey House,

usual imperturbable demeanor. "See here, young man, you don't understand who you're dealing with," he cried.

he could in his surprise. What do I mean by it? Look at this,'

missioner the afternoon before.

and me about this case, but it isn't going to

happened to Dorman B. Eaton in this very street? Look out for yourself."

Wallace did remember that. Eaton had been sandbagged on his own doorstep a few years before and general report laid the crime to revenge for his professional acts in Erie Railway matters, whereby he had incurred the enmity of James Fisk, Jr.

All negotiations having thus come to an end, there was nothing for Wallace but to do what he could by beginning a criminal prosecution. The evidence was laid before District Attorney McKeon, who promptly impounded it.

The District Attorney determined to keep the matter in his own hands and to proceed without the intervention of a Magistrate; also to leave out the Twentyninth precinct police and handle that part of it from Headquarters. Accordingly, Wallace was soon favored with a visit from Inspector Thomas Byrnes, who leisurely sauntered into his office one afternoon and took a chair.

Inspector Byrnes was, at that time, not far from being the best known man in New York. Wallace had seen him many times and heard and read of him pretty much every day of his life, but had never come into personal contact with him before. He has this to say in confirmation of the general opinion as to Byrnes's personal power and magnetism, those qualities in him which have led so many criminals

to confess to him their crimes without promise of immunity or reward. During a long interview, covering a wide range of topics, he distinctly felt upon himself an influence strongly urging him to communicate to Mr. Byrnes every particular bit of information he had.

The Inspector asked for a few names and addresses, which he did not write down, relying apparently upon an extraordinary memory, and then talked discursively for an hour or more. He told in detail the story of his capture of the murderer, McGloin, and of the Manhattan Bank burglars, more fully and interestingly than he subsequently gave them to the public in his book, and he discussed police

and detective methods of all countries. That there was some object in thus using valuable time must be true, but just what the object was Wallace could not fathom. Perhaps the Inspector was trying to satisfy himself as to the good faith of Wallace and his clients. It is pretty certain that if there had keen bad faith he would have discovered it.

As he rose to go Byrnes sald: "Well, I shall visit those places to night and take those gentlemen in. "Don't you think it possible a tip may

get out and you may find the houses closed and the men gone?" "There will be no tip out unless you give

it out yourself," said Byrnes. "When I undertake a job it generally gets done." It proved so. That night simultaneous descents were made upon the five principal gambling houses in the Twenty-ninth precinct and all the proprietors and employees spent that night in cells. Much to Wallace's regret old Charley Ransom had to go with the rest.

stop here for you. Do you remember what Neither did Grover escape. It is characteristic of the police methods of those days that as Wallace, who had watched the raid on Mike Murray's from across the street, was soothing his excitement with a rabbit and a mug of ale at George Brown's chop house in Twenty-eighth street Grover should come in with his captor and take a seat at the next table. He was bound to have supper on his way to jail. Wallace was glad to have the policeman

there, for Grover was mad and almost pulled his whiskers out when he recognized his neighbor. The next day the arrested men employed

ex-Recorder Smyth as their counsel and were released on bail and things quieted down for a while. Then overtures for a settlement were made by the ex-Recorder. Being asked what he was going to do

if a settlement were made, and being informed that District Attorney McKeon would not consent under any circumstances to stop the prosecution, he said he would attend to that part of it. He did not name an adequate figure and his proposition was rejected. The complication seemed to be closed

must fail and Wallace had almost drowned in other business his regrets for his failure when he received a request from Grover for a last interview. He consented with reluctance, for he had no hope of accomplishing anything. The two met in the evening in the Gilsey House office and went up to Grover's little

The brokers had made up their minds they

single room, where, by the light of a single gas jet, they fought it out for hours. The whole ground was gone over again and again.
Grover was full, first, of promises of future advantage to Wallace if he would take the sum offered and quit, and then of threats of personal trouble and business disaster. No agreement could be reached and Wallace broke off the meeting at about 1 A. M. and

went across the street to his house, where he sought his room and his bed in discourage He had lain reading and smoking to compose himself, as his habit was, for a few minutes when he heard a ring at the door-bell. The servant who had waited up for him had not retired and quickly appeared, say-ing that Mr. Grover was below and wished to see Mr. Wallace.

to see Mr. Wallace.
"Tell him I'm sick of him and will not see said Wallace, turning his eyes back to his book

to his book.

Presently the servant reappeared with a card on which was written, "You had better see me. I have come to your terms."

"Show him up," said Wallace.

Grover came in and, without a word, took Grover came in and, without a word, took from the inside pocket of his waistooat a sizeable bankroll from which he peeled off and dealt out upon the covers of Wallace's bed \$60,000 in bills of large denominations.

"That's right, 'said Wallace.

"That's right, 'said Wallace.

And Grover went out. It was claracteristic of the breed not to ask for a promise or a scratch of a pen.

That was the end of it all. Wallace's clients were saved. How ex-Recorder Smyth managed to stop the prosecutions never developed, but nothing more was heard of

Wallace's reputation pervaded the Ten-derloin and, had he chosen to take it, he could have had crooked law business enough high fees to have kept him busy from

GLIB YOUNG MAN HE WAS.

But He Picked Out the Wrong Old Lady in the Hemlock Belt to Sell a Barometer To.

"On one of my trips through the hemlock belt," said John Gilbert, the travelling groceryman, "I picked up a glib young chap who was passing through that interesting rural district afoot, with an assorted stock of side lines that he insisted he would have no difficulty in dickering off to the unsophisticated dwellers, either for cash or barter, such entire confidence did he have in the persuasiveness of his tongue and the slickness of his manner.

"He assured me of this in a way that I wasn't brought up to regard as modest as I was giving him a lift on his way toward Geeville, and he was so anxious to show me an example of his irresistible style of doing business with the hemlock belters that I stopped at a comfortable looking little farmhouse near the roadside, where the benevolence and sympathy that beamed from the gold rimmed specs of the old lady who stood in the door led the glib and confident young man to remark to me as he got out of the wagon that if he didn't have a mortgage on that place before he got through he had forgotten his business

"'La!' exclaimed the old lady, as the confident side line chap approached the house and saluted her. 'Sellin' things?' "The glib merchant said he was, and she told him to sit down, which he did, in the

only chair there was on the little porch. "I see you are a woman of business he began at once, 'and so there is no use of wasting time. I'll get right at it. Now, here's barometers'—and he produced one from his stock, with a sly wink over his shoulder at me. 'There ain't anything more useful than bar---'

" 'Them's the things that tells you when the weather's goin' to change, ain't they?' asked the benevolent looking old lady, innocently. " 'Yes, ma'am,' replied the side line man. 'There ain't anything that'll tell the---'

'Oh, yes there is!' the old lady cut in 'I've got a burion. See it h'istin' itself there on the right hand corner o' that foot? 'Why, say! When that bunion begins to make weather I kin eize up the kind it's goin' to be three weeks ahead, an' kin gen-

er'ly tell when it's goin' to set in, down to the littlest part of a minute! " 'That bunion took to workin' toler'ble early this season, an' I sent word up the creek fer folks to git fer high ground, fer on March 9, at jest 2:30 P. M. in the afternoon. the ice would break and come down a-hummin' and clean things from A to izzard;

" 'I see to wunst that there was somethin' the matter with that bunion, an' so I investigated. And what do you think? Part o' that bunion had got a little frosted, somehow, and it sort o' stagnated it so it |

but it didn't do it, not till 2:81 P. M.

couldn't work exac'ly up to its full tilt. and it had fell shy a minute on tellin' the time o' the comin' o' that ice down the

creek. " 'Sensitive? That bunion? La: me' "'And tell the changes? Why, say! That bun-but there's lots o' folks 'round here that hain't got no bunion in the family, an' I git tired o' their runnin' here a-consultin' mine every time they want to plant taters, or kill a hog, or pole beans, or go to town, an' them folks ought to have barom-

eters. 'I'll jest do you a good turn, young eter o' your'n up here, an' when they come here after weather they'll see it, an' how it works, an' they'll pine fer one. So all you'll have to do, when you come round this way ag'in, is to fetch along a big stock of b'rometers, an' you'll ketch a trade that'll skeer you.

" 'Don't thank me! I'd ruther do it than not. I like to lift people along.' "And the benevolent and sympathetic old lady took the barometer and hung it on a nail against the side of the house.

and wilting side line distributor, 'I bet you got cough medicine!' 'That's what I have,' said the glib young man, rousing again to duty. 'Here you are! Dr. Strainem's Elixir of Egyptian Tar! Nothing ever like it for knocking a

"'Now,' said she, turning to the amazed

cough or cold endways' I'll---'Fudge and fiddlesticks!' exclaimed the benevolent old lady. 'Why don't you cure that cold o' your'n, then?

mixtur' o' boneset, allycampane and skunk cabbage! That's why! "Here you be, young man! See it?" and she produced a bottle done up in a red

no colds 'round here! Why? 'Cause o' my

" We don't never have no coughs nor

wrapper. 'Here you be!' said she. 'Fifty cents a bottle, it is, but I kin make it three bottles

fer a dollar to you! "Three, bey? All right! I make it myself an' warrant it. There! They'll fit right in there where you took the b'rometer out of. Dollar. Thank you! An' don't

fergit when you come agin to---' "But the glib young man of the side lines grabbed his budget and made tracks down the road, and as the benevolent old lady gazed after him I heard her say:

'Shucks! Now, I'll jest bet 't that ler 'll jest be keerless enough not to come und here agin with them b'rometers.' feller "Then she Learned on the one she had bung on the nail, and I drove on my way musing on the mistakes of men, and the sweet, childlike simplicity and i. genuous-ness of these herrioog telt folk." ness of these herrioek telt folk.

> Strange New Mexican Lake. From the Santa Fe New Mexican.

About forty miles south of Zuni there is a singular depression, in a plain of cretaceous singular depression, in a plain of cretaceous sandstone, about a mile in diameter, with walls 150 feet high. In the midst of this is a shallow lake, 3,000 feet long by 3,000 broad, the waters of which contain 26 per cent. of sait.

This has been a source of supply for sait used by Indians and Mexicans for centuries, and lately the sait has been hauled to surrounding ranches, everybody helping himself, The annual output is about 1,000 tons, but the processes are crude.

ORIGIN OF FAMILIAR SEA TERMS Some Are Far Fetched and Most of Them Are Ancient

There is hardly a language which has not been called upon to provide at least one of the curious sea terms which are in constant use and whose origin is so obscure.

For instance, says the Marine Journal, the word "admiral" is not of English origin. but is from the Arabic "Emil el Bagh," or Lord of the Sea. Captain comes from the Latin caput, but mate is from Icelandic. and means a companion or equal. man, seein' as you're strugglin' to Coxswain is a word whose derivation would benefit th' district! I'll hang that b'rom-never be guessed. The coxswain was originally the man who pulled the after oar in the captain's boat, which was known as the cockboat. This in turn is a corruption of the word coracle, a small round boat used on the Wye and Usk rivers. So coxswain comes to us from the Welsh.

Commodore is not so difficult to trace to its beginning. It is simply the Italian commandatore, meaning commander. No such person as Davy Jones ever existed, though we often hear of him and his locker. One should speak of "Duffy Jonah's locker. for that was the original. Duffy is the West Indian name for spirit or ghost, while

Jonah refers, of course, to the prophet Another curious case of a term gradually corrupted out of its original form is the dog watch. It was originally the " odge watch," because it lasted only two hours instead of fo r. and thus makes it possible that the same men shall not be on duty

every day during the same hours.

given to the largest anchor carried by a vessel. It is really "shote anchor," and is so called because of its great weight, which makes it easy to shoot out in case of emer gency.
Instead of the terms "port" and "star-board" which are used nowadays, they used board" which are used nowadays, they used

Then there is the "sheet anchor." the name

to talk of "larboard" and "starboard." Star-board has nothing in common with stars, but is really the Anglo-Saxon "steor board for "steer side," because in all galleys which were sieered by an car the car was fixed somewhat to the right hand side of the stern and the helmsman held the inboard portion in his right hand. "Larboard" was probav a corruption of lower board, the larboard de bein inferior to the other "jury mast" has nothing in common

with a jury except its derivation from the same word "jour," the French word meaning day. The jury mast is one which is put up temporarily—for a day—just as a jury in its legal term meant a tr bunal summoned for a short period only. for a short period only.

Why the Jury Paid the Fine.

From Law Notes. A Texas correspondent tells how an obstinate juryman was circumvented by his fellow judges of the facts. The offence charged way assault with intent to murder charged way assault with intent to murder. After the jury had been out about two hours it returned the following verdict: "We, the jury, find the defendant guilty of aggravated assault, and assess his punishment at \$25 fine and herewith pay the fine."

On inquiry as to the meaning of the last clause of the verdict it came out that eleven of the jurors had agreed that the defendant was not guilty, but the twelfth dogardly hung out for a conviction for aggravated assault and would not consent to a punish ment less than a fine of \$25. Finding it shopeless task to bring over the obstitute one to their way of thinking, the eleven finally decided to agree with him and "chipped in" enough to pay the fine.